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ART. VII.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of FRANCIS HORNER, M.P.* Edited by his Brother, LEONARD HORNER, Esq., F.R.S. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS work is something more than a reprint of the *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, which was first published in London about ten years ago. It embraces a further selection from Mr. Horner's correspondence, about forty or fifty of his letters being now first given to the world; and many of these, we may add, are equal or superior in interest to those included in the former edition. One of them contains a curious memorandum, drawn from the unpublished papers of John Locke, relative to the student Aikenhead, who was tried and executed in Edinburgh, as late as 1697, for denying, perhaps for ridiculing, the doctrine of the Trinity. Certainly, there is little reason for sharply censuring the founders of a small colony here in New England, because they were so ignorant of the principles of religious toleration as to hang mad Quakers in 1659, if those principles were so little known in the mother country forty years afterwards, that, under the mild government of William of Orange, a man could be legally put to death for no other alleged crime than his speculative belief concerning the nature of the Godhead. Such a "judicial murder," as Mr. Horner calls it, occurring in the lifetime of John Locke, could not fail to attract his notice, and he seems to have made a collection of the documents relating to it, including a copy of the indictment, notes of the evidence, and some private letters, in order either to bring the matter to the notice of the government in England, or to use it as an illustration in his writings upon toleration. It is not easy to see why Lord King, into whose possession these documents came among the other papers of Locke, made no allusion to the case in his biography of that sound philosopher and excellent man. As a descendant of Locke's sister, and the heir of his papers, he ought also to have inherited his principles, which would have inclined him to give to so abominable a transaction all the notoriety which he who first collected the documents intended it should ac-

quire. Mr. Horner, while yet a very young man, had an opportunity allowed him, while in London, to examine Locke's manuscripts, and was so much struck with the papers relating to this case, that he wrote to Malcolm Laing, the historian of Scotland, urging him to give an account of it in one of his forthcoming volumes. He quotes a letter of Lord Anstruther, who visited Aikenhead in prison, and describes him as "eighteen years of age, not vicious, and extremely studious." Lord Anstruther pleaded in the Council for a remission of the sentence, but "was told it could not be granted unless the ministers would intercede." Whereupon he remarks:—

"I am not for consulting the Church in state affairs. I do not think he would have proven an eminent Christian had he lived; but the ministers, out of a pious, though I think ignorant zeal, spoke and preached for cutting him off. I find capital punishment inflicted most against crimes that disturb the society and government, and not against the heinousness of the sin against God, for lawyers say in that case, '*Satis est Deum habere ultorem.*' And so stealing a sheep, when one is hungry, or speaking against the king, are punished by death; whereas cursing, lying, slandering, drunkenness, &c. are scarcely taken notice of by our law; but our ministers generally are of a narrow set of thoughts, and confined principles, and not able to bear things of this nature. I have sent you inclosed his speech." — Vol. I. pp. 201, 202.

It was characteristic of Francis Horner to be deeply interested in such a case, not so much from his fondness for historical research, as from the liberality of his principles and the vehemence of his indignation against wrong. The purity and excellence of his moral character contributed quite as much as the vigor of his understanding and the largeness of his attainments to give him the eminence which he acquired at a very early age among English statesmen. There was something in Horner which the most vehement of his political opponents felt compelled to respect, and before which any thing like duplicity, meanness, or profligacy stood ashamed. He was not a wit, he did not excel in oratory, and his talents were rather solid than brilliant. He had not the advantages of hereditary rank or ample fortune, and he first appeared in Parliament under the character, there peculiarly exposed to suspicion and dislike, of a young Scotch lawyer, who had

abandoned the bar at Edinburgh in order to seek his fortune on the broader theatre of London. A prejudice of the English people, especially of those connected with the government, against a person coming into political life under such circumstances, may be traced as far back, perhaps, as the times of James I.; and it had certainly been strengthened of late years by a recollection of the lives and characters of Lord Loughborough, the Earl of Bute, and even the great Lord Mansfield. Yet even Brougham, who was of English parentage, with all the variety of his talents, the ardor of his temperament, and the splendid irregularity of his genius, did not acquire political distinction so soon, and never gained so much weight and authority of opinion, as Horner, who was his contemporary and intimate friend. The latter died of consumption, at the early age of thirty-nine, before he had held any public office, or had appeared before the public in any character but that of a diligent, but not obtrusive, member of the House of Commons, and a stanch adherent of that Whig party which, throughout his career, was in a hopeless minority. Yet his premature death was regarded as a public calamity. All parties in the House of Commons united in paying a respectful and affectionate tribute to his memory; and with the concurrence of the whole nation, a noble statue of him, by Chantrey, was erected in Westminster Abbey, as worthy to stand there by the side of the numerous memorials of the other illustrious dead whose fame is a portion of the national inheritance. When his decease was announced in Parliament, one of his political opponents, Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards Speaker of the House, remarked, with much feeling, "In my conscience I believe there never lived the man of whom it could more truly be said, that, whenever he was found in public life, he was respected and admired; whenever he was known in private life, he was most affectionately beloved."

Before the publication of his *Memoirs and Correspondence*, it was difficult to account for this warmth and unanimity of public and private eulogy. There were no striking incidents in Mr. Horner's life; he had not accomplished any one great work; and though his career had evidently been active and

laborious, there were few or no permanent tokens of it in the history or the fortunes of the country. His name was identified with only one memorable passage in the political history of England, — that relating to the Bullion Report and Debate in the House of Commons in 1810. Even in that remarkable discussion, though it originated with him and he performed most of the labor, Canning eclipsed him in the rhetorical, and Ricardo in the scientific, treatment of the question, and he was perhaps equalled by Huskisson, Thornton, and Baring. Besides, the debate, important as it was for the evolution of scientific principles, and for its effect on public opinion, had no immediate result in legislation. Horner and his brilliant associates — the theorists, as their opponents sneeringly called them — were steadily voted down by a strong Parliamentary majority, who did not hesitate to declare that black was white, or to pass a formal resolution that the notes of the Bank of England had not undergone any depreciation whatever, though specie was then at a premium of about fourteen per cent. Not till 1819 did Mr. Peel succeed in inducing Parliament to order the restoration of cash payments by the Bank, thus reaping the harvest of which Mr. Horner had sown the seeds nine years before.

In this affair, as well as on most other occasions in which he directly came before the public, Mr. Horner appeared as a scientific Political Economist, — a character by no means as popular then as it has since become, through the success of Mr. Cobden and the Corn Law League. Every tyro in the House of Commons, and every contributor to the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*, can now cite Ricardo and Adam Smith, and prate about the laws of wages and the theory of rent; in fact, he must do so, or John Bull will not listen to him. The Economists now govern the commercial legislation of England, and sway the destinies of her colonies. They can point to the New Poor Law, to Peel's Bank Act of 1844, to the repeal of the Corn Law and the Navigation Laws, and to the general establishment of Free Trade, as exclusively their work. The most general qualifications of an English statesman, at the present day, are a moderate knowledge of Adam Smith and an immoderate zeal for the abolition of

slavery. Any other training is ornamental or merely auxiliary; these are necessary preparations for the course. It was far otherwise at the beginning of the present century, when Ricardo and Malthus, Horner and Huskisson, were just entering upon their labors. A Political Economist was then regarded pretty nearly in the same light in which men now look upon an Owenite, a Fourierite, or any other rabid theorist. He was thought to be hopelessly infected with the spirit of system. His arguments were not answered, but his conclusions were brought to the test of common sense and old prejudices, and found wanting. Though Mr. Horner does not rank, like Malthus and Ricardo, among the improvers of the science, he did more than any of his contemporaries to apply it to practice. Most of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, and most of his speeches in Parliament, were devoted to an application of its principles to the mooted questions of the day. But he did not become eminent because he was a Political Economist, but rather in spite of it. He rendered more to the science than he received from it. He obtained assent to its doctrines more because they were *his* doctrines, than because they were principles of science. He avoided the two common errors of political theorists; he did not dogmatize, and he did not bend his doctrines to suit the occasions of his party. His candor and fairness preserved him from the one fault, and his scrupulous integrity from the other. His understanding was naturally vigorous, but it would not have had half so much influence, if it had not been interpenetrated and warmed by the glow of his moral principles and by the amiability of his character. Perfectly free from cant and from the desire of display, he enlisted the sympathies of men because he did not shock their taste or needlessly alarm their prejudices. His modesty equalled his earnestness, and his candor never yielded to the fond desire of triumphing in debate. He thus preserved the moral elevation that he obtained at the outset, both in Parliament and before the public, and was enabled to command attention and respect even when he could not enforce assent to his opinions.

The influence and distinction acquired by such a character were as honorable to those who gave or acknowledged them

as to himself. His talents were not showy and brilliant enough, his manners were too quiet and modest, and his principles too inflexible, to enable him soon to acquire favor with the multitude. He did not come into Parliament as the representative of a great constituency, but the high estimation in which he was held by his friends procured him a seat as a member for a close borough. Mr. Canning, as an opponent of Parliamentary reform, very fairly alluded to this circumstance when he came to add his testimonial of respect for the virtues of the departed. Mr. Windham, who was also a member by nomination, as it may be termed, having died not long before Mr. Horner, Canning remarked, —

“ When, for the second time within a short course of years, the name of an obscure borough is brought before us as vacated by the loss of conspicuous talents and character, it may be permitted to me, with my avowed and notorious opinions on the subject of our Parliamentary constitution, to state, without offence, that it is at least some consolation for the imputed theoretical defects of that constitution, that in practice it works so well. A system of representation cannot be wholly vicious and altogether inadequate to its purposes, which sends to this House a succession of such men as those whom we have now in our remembrance, here to develop the talents with which God has endowed them, and to attain that eminence in the view of their country, from which they may be one day called to aid her counsels and to sustain her greatness and her glory.”

Thus much, we fear, must be admitted by the most strenuous advocates of democratic institutions, that, in the United States, a man like Mr. Horner, whatever eminence he might have acquired through the press, could not have gained political distinction and influence so soon, or held them so firmly, as he did in England. Even there, his early success seemed remarkable, and, before the publication of his correspondence, almost inexplicable. Sir James Mackintosh surpassed him in reputation for learning and philosophy, in wit and brilliancy of composition and agreeableness of manners, and was certainly not inferior to him in political integrity and private virtue. But he did not even obtain a seat in Parliament till he was nearly fifty, and though he remained there over twenty years, he seems to have had hardly a tithe of the influence

over the House, or of the weight of opinion, which Horner had long enjoyed, who died at the early age of thirty-nine. But these letters and extracts from the other writings of Horner explain the problem of the great difference between the two men in point of success. Horner possessed in an eminent degree the steadiness of purpose and systematic diligence in which Mackintosh was woefully deficient. He had none of the little weaknesses or petty defects which so often abridge the influence, though to the inconsiderate they may seem even to enhance the brilliancy, of great talents and commanding virtues. Constancy in his aims, system in his employments, and indefatigable industry, were characteristic of him from early boyhood. Before he attained the age of manhood, he marked out for himself both the goal of his future endeavors and the precise path along which he was to proceed. From that path he never deviated a hair's breadth, and only a premature death prevented him from reaching the goal. Mackintosh was successively a physician, a political essayist, a lawyer, an Indian judge, a member of Parliament, a professor in college, and a historian. He coquetted all his life with philosophy, politics, and history, sharing his attentions so equally among them, that he never became a highly favored suitor of either. In reviewing his life and works, we do not think so much of what he actually accomplished, as of what he might have performed if he had been faithful to himself and persevering in his designs. His brilliant conversational powers were a fatal gift; he sacrificed to the ephemeral pleasures and triumphs of social intercourse his best opportunities of affording delight and instruction to future generations.

The first volume of Horner's *Memoirs and Correspondence* derives most of its interest from the very full view that is given in it of the studies, and the carefully elaborated habits of thought and conduct, by which he prepared himself for active life, and insured as well as merited the success that attended all his future undertakings. It is an instructive commentary on the truth, which young men are far more willing to acknowledge in words than to act upon, that moderate natural endowments, controlled by a strong sense of duty,



laboriously and systematically cultivated, and directed with unflinching perseverance to a single object, though that object be both distant and lofty, are far more likely to be rewarded with success, than the untrained and spasmodic efforts of the most brilliant genius. Mr. Horner had not, it is true, to contend with the formidable external obstacles which sometimes frustrate the best attempts at systematic self-culture. He had not penury to struggle against; he was abundantly supplied with books, instructors, and the other means and appliances of learning. But the work which he performed for himself was one in reference to which books and instructors are not so often a help as a hinderance; they are but crutches, which sloth and cowardice so often tempt us to lean upon, and the use of which may consequently even postpone the period at which we shall be able to walk alone. Mr. Horner fairly met and vanquished the insidious and dangerous foes to self-education which every man finds in his own love of ease and amusement, in his occasional fits of despondency and frequent vacillations of purpose. His plan of life was no better or higher than that which is formed by hundreds of students some time during their university career. But he had firmness and resolution enough to pursue it to the end, without halt or wavering; and thus his few years were crowned with some of the best fruits of a long life.

The leading incidents in Mr. Horner's life may be very briefly told. He was born in Edinburgh, on the 12th of August, 1778. His father, a respectable and successful merchant, had good natural abilities and respectable attainments, so that he was well qualified to superintend the earlier portion of his son's education, and to sympathize with him in his later studies and pursuits. From his mother he inherited a gentle disposition, a delicate taste, and the purity and firmness of moral principle which was his prominent characteristic through life. He was educated at the High School and in the University of Edinburgh, then in the zenith of their fame and influence, the former being under the charge of Dr. Adam, and the latter ranking among its professors such men as Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Robison, Black, and Dr. Hugh Blair. The reputation of these men, united

with the disturbances on the Continent of Europe, which induced many persons to send their sons to a distance for an education, attracted a throng of students from other lands to Edinburgh, thus giving variety and animation to the society of the place, and new vigor and warmth to its intellectual action. It was, indeed, an exciting period. The French Revolution was agitating every part of the civilized world, not only with its diplomacy, its wars, and the intestine disturbances that it occasioned, but with a general fermentation of opinion and the shock of conflicting theories. Society was kept in a state of feverish excitement by the news of startling events and the mingled dread and hope of what was to come. Nothing appeared stable; old kingdoms were subverted, old institutions were crumbling, and doctrines were vehemently advocated that went far beyond the old landmarks of opinion, and threatened to upheave the moral basis of every thing which had escaped external violence. All departments of thought received a new and strong impulse; poetry and philosophy were nearly as much affected as politics. Men speculated about every thing,—about science, morals, and religion, as much as government and laws. Lecturers harangued, public and secret associations were formed for the propagation of peculiar opinions, debating societies rivalled legislative assemblies in turmoil and heat of speech. Government acted with unwonted vigor and sternness, being cheered on by one faction, and execrated by the other which felt its blows. Men were transported or hanged for seditious practices, though their actions would not, in ordinary times, have subjected them even to a fine. Professors in the universities adapted their lectures to the occasion, and spoke with unusual warmth the language of animation, warning, or reproof. Students hurried from the lecture to their club-rooms, where they debated about the rights of man and the organization of society. The effect was not all evil; amid much bluster, error, and noise, were felt the light and heat of true intellectual activity and life. Genius is born and nursed amid political throes and convulsions, as the central fires of our globe make themselves known and felt through earthquakes and volcanoes. The youth who were receiving their

education at this exciting epoch showed afterwards far more energy and power than the generations which immediately preceded or followed them. Ambition was roused, at the same time that the restraint of moral principle was relaxed, and the benumbing effect of old customs and fixed institutions was passing away.

If a quiet and thoughtful boy like Horner had not entered into this stir and tumult of his own accord, he would soon have imbibed a liking for it from his associates. Henry Brougham was his playmate and schoolfellow almost from infancy. "In May, 1780," says his mother, "they used to run together on the pavement before our house." Jeffrey, Murray, John Allen, and Sydney Smith were among his earliest friends; and he was associated with them in the memorable undertaking, half a frolic at its commencement, of the *Edinburgh Review*. It was one striking proof, among many, of the intellectual activity of the period, that a journal, which exercised from the first a commanding influence on the literature and politics of Great Britain, should have been started, partly as a joke, by half a dozen briefless lawyers and unbeneficed clergymen in Edinburgh, not one of whom had attained the age of thirty. These persons, also, were Horner's associates and rivals in the "*Speculative Society*," the debates in which probably did more to widen the range of his ideas, and develop his powers of thought and expression, than all his studies in the University, or his practice at the bar. He was a careful, though not a brilliant scholar, and when he left Dr. Adam's tuition to enter college, he was *Dux* of the rector's class, or the acknowledged head of the school.

With all its advantages as a place of education and residence, Edinburgh is still only a provincial city; and its inhabitants show their consciousness of the fact in nothing so strongly as their nervous anxiety to get rid of provincial peculiarities. Hume and Robertson were haunted by the fear of Gallicisms in their style; and Lord Loughborough, in the opening of his career, made a violent attempt to correct his Scotch accent by taking lessons of the elder Sheridan, who, in a rich Irish brogue, undertook to teach all the delicacies of English intonation. In like manner, Horner, who was destined first for

the Scotch and afterwards for the English bar, was sent by his father to prosecute his studies for a year in England, in order to perfect his pronunciation. He was placed under the care of the Rev. John Hewlett, at Shacklewell, a small village in Middlesex. After he had been there a short time, he writes to his father, "With respect to one great object for which you were at the expense and trouble of placing me here, I think I am beginning to *pronounce* some words as Englishmen do, and just to *feel* the difference between the *rhythm* of their conversation and mine." At Shacklewell, he was allowed a degree of liberty in the disposition of his time which would have been hazardous to any boy of seventeen except one who had already been denominated by his schoolfellows "the sage," and "the ancient Horner." He occupied lodgings in the village, where his instructor visited him only one hour in the day, to render aid in such studies as the youth might select. He read Greek and Latin every morning, and devoted the afternoon to mathematics and the formation of an English style by translating from the French and reading Bolingbroke and Junius. He kept up a full correspondence, also, with his former associates at Edinburgh, writing at great length on metaphysical questions and other academical subjects. It is amusing to find a youth, who yet lacked several years of his majority, gravely discussing in his familiar letters the freedom of the will, and passing sentence with much gravity "against the absurd and trifling metaphysics of the schoolmen, and the dangerous refinements of modern materialists." His anxious and persevering attempts to master the niceties of English idiom had an injurious effect for a while upon his style, which became insufferably formal and stiff. These qualities wore off in time, but he never became a master of easy and graceful English prose.

Never was a course of self-discipline more thorough and painstaking than that to which Horner subjected himself for the next ten years of his life. He read not much, but very thoroughly, keeping the pen constantly in his hand, starting doubts and difficulties, or hunting up illustrations, for every page, and anxiously questioning himself every little while as to the amount and value of the accessions which he had

made to his stock of ideas. In this way, he read the principal works of Lord Bacon, Adam Smith, and the leading Economists of France. Sometimes he was lucky enough to find an associate, of similar tastes, and equal ardor and diligence; and then they read together, entering into a discussion of every question or criticism which the text suggested to either. The only relaxation which he permitted himself was the study of chemistry, the experiments in which offered an agreeable diversion from the painful processes of abstract thought. In the choice of his studies, as well as in the general character of his opinions, may be traced the influence of Dugald Stewart, whom he revered as an instructor while he was strongly attached to him as a friend. As he kept a diary and wrote numerous letters while this process of self-culture was going on, we are enabled to trace the progress of his studies and the formation of his mind with greater particularity than is usual. Modest as he was by nature, the accuracy of his judgment and his careful habit of self-examination disclosed to him the extent of his powers, and the aims which he cherished were so lofty, that in any other person they would have savored of conceit.

“Political *virtue*, political *sagacity*, political *science*, are three great branches of habit to be cultivated; and so, that by being blended together in the mind, they may strengthen as well as purify each other.”

“It is to give myself a chance for *acting* in public life, that I shall laboriously devote myself to the law; if I succeed in which, I have two chances for a public scene; either as a judge, which, if in a supreme situation, I should consider as the most dignified, and in which a beneficial and permanent influence might be impressed; or, secondly, upon the foundation of an independence acquired professionally, *place myself* in a public situation, where the results of political philosophy may be applied to the exercise of the great duties of legislation.” — Vol. I. p. 362.

If it seems strange that a man under thirty, and favored by no adventitious aids, should cherish so lofty purposes as these, it is stranger still, that, before ten years had elapsed, he should have fulfilled a large portion of them. He never attained eminence at the bar; he had not the keen and quick intellect, the fluency of speech and ardor of temperament, which are the

requisites of marked success in that profession. He would have made a better judge than lawyer, and he was too rigid a moralist to become a thorough-paced politician. In almost every respect, he was the opposite of his friend Brougham; and notwithstanding their early and long-continued intimacy, this essential diversity of character led to events which caused a suspension of intercourse between them during the most active years of their political life. The fault must have been entirely Brougham's; for Horner was amiable as well as rigidly just, and was peculiarly happy in making friends and attaching them to himself with the cords of a strong and lasting affection.

Among these friends was one, nearly of the same age as Horner, and cut off prematurely, like him, by pulmonary complaints, when he had hardly reached the middle period of life, whose character, as it is not generally known, deserves more than a passing notice. Lord Webb Seymour, a brother of the present Duke of Somerset, after passing the usual period at Christ Church, Oxford, went to Edinburgh in 1797, at the age of twenty, to pursue his studies at the University there, being attracted by its high reputation as a school for moral and physical philosophy. From a brief and affectionate memoir of him, written by his friend Hallam, the historian, and appended to this work, we take the following sketch of his life at Oxford.

“His character developed itself in a steadiness of purpose and an unshaken determination to cultivate his mind according to a preconceived scheme of improvement, rare in a young man of his rank, and much more so at that time than in the present age. The habits of his natural associates, those in college language called *gold tufts* and *silk gowns*, were any thing rather than studious, estimable as many of those young men were in private life, and have since shown themselves in the world. Lord Webb Seymour soon adopted a plan, which even the reading men at Oxford seldom thought it necessary to pursue. He resolutely declined all invitations, and during the whole remainder of his stay at Christ Church was never seen at a wine party. Such a course, whatever in this more studious age may be thought, brought down at that time on his head the imputation of great singularity; but his remarkable urbanity of manners, and the entire absence of affectation,

preserved to him the respect and regard of those from whose society he thus seemed to withdraw. The reason which Lord Webb gave for thus sacrificing all convivial intercourse was characteristic of his modesty. He felt, he said, that his parts were slow; that he acquired knowledge with less facility than many of his contemporaries; and that he could not hope to compass the objects which he had in view, if he gave up the evening hours, as was then customary, to the pleasures of conversation. The dignity of his mind, always intent on future and even distant schemes of improvement, and hence superior to all momentary emulation, which it is perhaps too much the habit of those who guide our academical studies to encourage, can only be appreciated by those who remember him at this period, and who remember also the frivolous and superficial tone of conversation from which, relatively at least to him, few of his fellow-students, even though not deficient in mental quickness or school learning, were exempt.

“Lord Webb Seymour was neither a very good scholar, in the common sense of the word, nor by any means the contrary. He knew well, on every subject, what he knew at all, and his character rendered him averse to spread his reading over a large surface. He read slowly and carefully, possibly too much so; but as on this account he forgot little, he was by this means uninformed on many subjects of general literature. But his peculiar quality was the love of truth, and, as is perhaps the case with all true lovers, he loved that mistress the more in proportion as she was slow in favoring his suit. It was said of him that he would rather get at any thing by the longest process; and, in fact, not having a quick intuition, and well knowing that those who decide instantly are apt not to understand what they decide, he felt a reluctance to acquiesce in what the world call a common-sense view of any philosophical question.” — Vol. I. pp. 533, 534.

Attracted by similarity of pursuits and character, he soon became Horner's intimate friend. They read Bacon and Adam Smith together, with a conversational commentary on every paragraph, tried chemical experiments, and formed a magnificent scheme for instituting a Philological Society, with an ultimate view to the invention of a real character. The project was rather a presumptuous one for two very young men, whose knowledge of languages was probably confined to a modicum of Latin, Greek, and French, in addition to their mother tongue; and though patronized by the Duke of Somerset himself, we are not surprised to learn that

it failed to be carried out. Lord Webb Seymour had a stronger taste for natural science than his friend; he travelled over Scotland and part of England, in company with Mr. Playfair, that he might have the benefit of his geological instructions in the field. He also studied mathematics under the same teacher, though he had little taste or aptitude for the science; but he believed it would be a useful discipline for his habits of thought. Though constantly learning, and committing the results of his inquiries to paper, he was too distrustful of himself, and too deaf to the voice of ambition, ever to publish any thing, or to enter public life. After a while, he purchased a beautiful estate in Scotland, and there passed most of the remainder of his days, still keeping up a correspondence with his early friends, and manifesting the warmest sympathy in their plans and welfare. He visited Edinburgh occasionally, that he might have the pleasure of a metaphysical discussion with Dr. Thomas Brown; but nature had formed him to be a philosophical recluse, and he soon hastened back to his books in his solitary home. "It is not only the time engrossed by society," he wrote to his friend Hallam, "that I find to be the loss in a town; there is a still more serious obstacle to any independent pursuit in the sympathy excited by the occupations of other men, who are continually thrusting in upon you political discussion, the business of the world, and the novelties of literature." It is not every young nobleman of ample fortune, we imagine, who is afraid of having such topics and amusements "thrust upon" him as Lord Webb Seymour here complains of. Perhaps there was something morbid in the state of mind or moral principle which created so strong a dislike of what the world generally considers as innocent relaxation. He was not a misanthrope, however, and he had considerable power of pleasing in general society. His affection for his friends led him to entertain a nice regard for their moral well-being, as well as for their success in life. After he had been separated from Horner for several years, and when the latter was in the full tide of Parliamentary success, he wrote him a long letter on the danger of allowing his judgment to be warped and his moral sense to be blunted by the excitements of politics and



the influence of party connections and party views. Here is a lesson in toleration which parties in a monarchy or a republic might profit by, though it be preached by a young nobleman who never had a voice in legislation.

“Opposition in Parliament is generally conducted upon one very false principle, namely, that the measures of ministers must, in every case, be so far wrong, as to deserve, upon the whole, very severe reprobation. I will not suppose this principle to be speculatively recognized; but it seems, at least, to be practically adopted. Now it is plain, that, where a set of men have the good of the country mainly at heart, and have tolerable capacities for business, though their talents be neither profound nor brilliant, and though their principles lean rather more than is right in favor of the Crown, yet their measures must, in all probability, be often as good as circumstances will admit of, and sometimes entitled to praise for unusual prudence or magnanimity. On such occasions, justice is, for the most part, denied them altogether by the opposition side of the House; or, if praise is bestowed at all, it is bestowed in feeble terms, and with reservations much insisted on; but what is denied them in Parliament is granted by an impartial public without doors, with proportionate disgust at the bitter and unremitting censures of factious enmity.” — Vol. II. p. 352.

We subjoin an entry from Mr. Horner's diary, written at the time when he was about parting from his excellent friend in order to try his fortunes at the English bar.

“This day Lord Webb and I read Lord Bacon, I am afraid for the last time; I go to London in a few days, and by the time I return, he will be prepared to bid farewell to Scotland. We have not finished the *Novum Organum*, having got no farther than that part of the second book in which the author begins to illustrate the *prerogativæ instantiarum*; but we have worked very accurately through the whole of what we have read, and prepared ourselves tolerably well for the study of the Baconian logic upon an enlarged plan, by an attentive study of what may be called its grammar or rudiments. I must take some future opportunity of examining, retrospectively, the kind as well as degree of improvement which these studies with Seymour have purchased; that it is considerable, I cannot entertain a doubt. Independent of the noble subject to which it directed my attention for so considerable a space of time, I must have learned something from the manner and habits of my companion. He is indeed very slow in apprehension, partly from what may be called a want of energy, or at least imagina-

tion, partly too from principle and voluntary habit; but then he possesses, in an eminent degree, the truly philosophic qualities of scrupulous caution, unconquerable patience, unclouded candor. From this crisis of our studies, what different roads we are to follow! His life devoted to speculative labor and scientific accumulation; mine immersed, *si sic fata*, in the passing ephemeral details of professional activity. He has the prospect, and the resolution, before him, of persevering through all the general reasonings of Lord Bacon's philosophy, and all the pleasing illustrations that can be culled from every field of science. I must content myself in that department with imperfect knowledge, and with the chance of assimilating some portion of philosophy to the mass of practical information, and of infusing something of the spirit of liberal science into the gross and unformed details of business." — Vol. I. pp. 177, 178.

The short time, little over two years, that Mr. Horner remained in Edinburgh, after his admission to the bar, was not unprofitably spent, though he met the usual fate of young advocates, in obtaining very little professional business. His own phrase, that he was "entirely immersed in law, political economy, and history," does not express the whole truth; for the first of these three studies, though it should have been his chief object, occupied the smallest share of his attention. He had some taste for the antiquities, and what may be called the philosophy, of the law; but its details and practice were excessively irksome to him. But he diligently traversed the broad fields of philosophical and political disquisition, and wrote several articles on Political Economy for the *Edinburgh Review*. In March, 1802, he made a preliminary visit to London, where, favored by letters of introduction from Lord Webb Seymour, by his intimacy with Sydney Smith and John Allen, and his own reputation as an *Edinburgh Reviewer* and a young lawyer of great abilities and liberal politics, he was received with open arms by the Whigs, and at once admitted into the most select circle of the wits and talents of their party. The doors of Holland House opened to him, as it were, of their own accord, and before a fortnight had elapsed, he had dined at the King of Clubs, in company with Mackintosh, Romilly, Abercromby, "Conversation" Sharp, and Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger. Horner's account of this dinner, as given in his diary, shows that he was not dazzled by the

literary or social reputation of these stars of the Whig faction, but that he judged them very coolly and with much fairness.

“The conversation was very pleasing; it consisted chiefly of literary reminiscences, anecdotes of authors, criticisms of books, &c. I had been taught to expect a very different scene; a display of argument, wit, and all the flourishes of intellectual gladiatorship: which, though less permanently pleasing, is for the time more striking. This expectation was not answered; partly, as I am given to understand, from the absence of Smith, and partly from the presence of Romilly, who evidently received from all an unaffected deference, and imposed a certain degree of restraint. I may take notice of one or two particulars, which struck me as the characteristic defects of this day’s conversation. There was too little of present activity; the memory alone was put to work; no efforts of original production, either by imagination or the reasoning powers. All discussion of opinions was studiously avoided; this could not proceed from any apprehension of unpleasant discord of sentiment, for upon the fundamental doctrines in religion and politics the whole company were certainly biassed to the same side; neither could it arise from a want of difference in opinion, in deductions farther removed from first principles; that can never be the case with powerful understandings that have been separately employed: I can only explain the circumstance, therefore, from an erroneous fashion or taste in conversation. . . . . I shall only remark farther in this place, that between Sharp and Mackintosh, for example, there seems to me to be too much of assentation with respect to canons of criticisms, &c.; as if they lived too much together; as if they belonged to a kind of sect; or as if there was something of compromise between them. Their principles of criticism and taste appear to me quite just, and formed very much upon the French school; Racine and Virgil the models of poetical composition, and Cicero the prince of prose writers: at the same time, they do not carry the principles, upon which this judgment is founded, to that cold and dull extreme, which limits all excellence to correctness, and allows no relish for the wildness of untamed imagination, or the flights of extravagant eccentric genius. I rather apprehend that they even suffer this indulgence a little farther than is quite consistent with the other ruling principle; their admiration of Burke, for example, is not qualified enough; and their appetite for the nervous or flowing passages that may with toil be detected in the obscure folios of some of our old English writers, ‘*apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,’ betrays unquestionably a palate not fully gratified with the milder relish of chastened excellence.” — Vol. I. pp. 183–185.

Horner himself appears to have made a very agreeable impression on these men, partly perhaps because he was not a wit, and the inherent modesty and amiableness of his disposition prevented him from entering into any rivalry with them as accomplished conversers, and partly because his excellent abilities and extensive information were manifest enough to prove that he was a very desirable accession to the party. He also made the acquaintance of Sir Humphrey Davy and the poet Campbell, and, on the whole, passed the time in London so much to his satisfaction, that we are not surprised to learn that he shortened by one year his intended future stay in Scotland, so that he might the sooner make his home in the midst of so many attractions. It is amusing to be informed from his own confession, made not long after his final settlement in the great metropolis, that he soon found the necessity of unlearning some of the habits which he had formed in "the metaphysical climate of Edinburgh; such as the inclination to theorize, and to present general principles or rules in a scholastic dress." Some frank confessions were also made to him, as when Mackintosh admitted his recent discovery, forced upon him by his practice at the Cockpit, that he knew almost nothing about international law, though he had lectured upon it with great *éclat* some years before in Lincoln's Inn.

Success at the bar was evidently a secondary object with Horner, though he had some show of business in the Scotch law cases before the House of Lords, and though he entered his name at Lincoln's Inn with the intention, afterwards fulfilled, of regularly going the circuit. But an opening into political life was the great aim of his endeavors; and with this view he attended Whig meetings, and frequented the strangers' gallery in the House of Commons, to hear the debates, with much greater enjoyment than he found in the courts. A political crisis had arrived, and the debates were unusually interesting. "Doctor" Addington, as he was called, had presumed to think and act for himself, and to keep his post at the head of the ministry, after William Pitt, who had regarded him only as a warming-pan, had signified a wish that he should retire, and thus open the way for his own return

to power. Strong in the personal favor of the king, and in a very respectable "political connection," the Doctor turned a deaf ear to the mandate; and Pitt, in great wrath, formed a sort of league with Fox and the Whig opposition, in order that their united forces might compel him to retire. As the country was greatly excited from the imminent prospect of an invasion by Napoleon, and the whole conduct of the war was at stake, the leaders in Parliament mustered their forces and put forth all their strength for the encounter. Horner and Mackintosh often waited seven or eight hours to secure a seat in the gallery, and did not always succeed. The following is an account by the former of one of the great debates.

"Fox's opening speech was not eloquent; on the contrary, slovenly as to manner, and languid; probably from an express intention to restrain himself on personal topics, that he might not anticipate Pitt in this respect; he did not allude to ministers, but confined himself to the inadequacy of the present arrangements for national defence, and the means of improving them into a permanent system by a better plan of recruiting, and by regulations for military exercises among the peasantry. All the substance of his speech was excellent. Pitt gave us both substance and manner, as a debater of the highest powers; most explicit in his declaration against ministers, which he delivered, however, as if at last after much consideration and reluctance; but he enforced it with a good deal of grave vehement declamation in his way, and some touches of that bitter, freezing sarcasm, which everybody agrees is his most original talent, and appears indeed most natural to him. His speech was very argumentative and full of details; throughout, the impression he left was, and he disguised very successfully his anxiety to make this impression, that every measure government had adopted for the national defence originated from his suggestions, which they had marred, however, by adopting them imperfectly, and carrying them still worse into execution. The speeches of ministers were confined, till the Attorney-General rose, to the defence of the different parts of their military measures that had been attacked; Percival took a much more judicious view of the debate, and treated the motion as if it had been in terms for the dismissal of ministers. This was the true mode of treating it, if he could have executed his idea with skill; but his want of talent drove him to violence and extreme personality, so as to betray the fury and despair of his friends, or rather their convulsions in death. His personal abuse of Fox and Windham was vul-

gar and gross in the extreme. But we in the gallery were much indebted to him, for it produced a masterly speech from each in their very different styles. Windham repelled the personality, chiefly by the contrast of his own manner; with great fire, but perfect temper, a very polite contempt, and exquisite wit; he spoke not more than ten minutes, but he refreshed one's mind from all the bad feelings that Percival had given us. Fox treated him after a different regimen; condemning, with much vehemence and indignation, the faction and ribaldry which he had introduced into the debate; and defending his own political connections and conduct with all the manliness and simplicity of his best manner." — Vol. I. pp. 261, 262.

We add an account of two other distinguished speakers, whom Horner heard on a subsequent occasion, as the criticism upon one of them shows very plainly the sagacity and excellent judgment to which he owed much of his own success in Parliament. Dr. Lawrence will be best remembered as the intimate friend and literary executor of Edmund Burke, though we can hardly pardon his remissness in the duties of the latter office.

"The best hints as to the real substance of the case gleamed through the darkness and turbidness of Dr. Lawrence, who would fairly have talked his audience to death, if they had not coughed him to silence; his expectoration (to use a delicate phrase of Lord Ellenborough's) was dreadful to the hearer, but seemed to be full of knowledge and sense and acuteness, as I have always found him whenever I have had self-command sufficient to listen. There was one extraordinary oration that night, — Sir William Grant's; quite a masterpiece of his peculiar and miraculous manner: conceive an hour and a half of syllogisms strung together in the closest tissue, so artfully clear that you think every successive inference unavoidable; so rapid that you have no leisure to reflect where you have been brought from, or to see where you are to be carried, and so dry of ornament or illustration or refreshment, that the attention is stretched — stretched — racked. All this is done without a single note. And yet, while I acknowledge the great vigor of understanding displayed in such performances, I have a heresy of my own about Grant's speaking; it does not appear to me of a parliamentary cast, nor suited to the discussions of a political assembly. The effect he produces is amazement at his power, not the impression of his subject; now this is a mortal symptom. Besides this, he gives me a suspicion of sophistry, which haunts me through his whole de-

duction; though I have nothing immediately to produce, I feel dissatisfied, as if there were something that might be said. And after all, there are no trains of syllogism nor processes of intricate distinctions in subjects that are properly political. The wisdom, as well as the common feelings that belong to such subjects, lies upon the surface in a few plain and broad lines; there is a want of genius in being very ingenious about them, and it belongs to talents of the second order to proceed with a great apparatus of reasoning." — Vol. I. pp. 307, 308.

Horner was soon to enter the arena of which he had so long been a wishful spectator. When he had been little more than a year in London, he was formally invited by Lord Fitzwilliam, with whom he had had no previous acquaintance, to attend a dinner-party at his house, at which many of the Whig leaders were to be present, in order to consult about some new move on the political chessboard. Such an invitation kindled his hopes anew; but his diary shows that, with his usual conscientiousness, he entered into a severe examination of himself, his opinions and principles, to learn whether he could, by accepting it, honestly join Mr. Fox's party. The result of this scrutiny being favorable, he attended the dinner, and found, to his great disgust, that the grand project which they were called together to consider was only "that some association might be formed, for writing pamphlets, squibs, epigrams, &c. against the administration." The epigrams were evidently considered more important than the pamphlets; and the only result of the meeting was, that Jekyll wrote half a dozen very good ones. This first view of the petty manoeuvres of a great political party almost sickened an ingenuous neophyte like Horner. He tried to smooth the plumes of his ruffled dignity by gravely recording this lofty purpose in his diary:—"I shall *perhaps* look out for some opportunities, *of my own accord*, for writing constitutional tracts, such as those opportunities which my Lord Somers, in his earlier days, thought no improper temptations from the general career which he pursued." Bravo, young Scotch philosopher! But perhaps it was quite as well that the "constitutional tracts," after the manner of "my Lord Somers in his earlier days," were never written; Lord Fitzwilliam and the other veteran Whig schemers would only have shrugged their shoulders at them.

When Horner came to be better understood, as not a wit, not an intriguer, not a catspaw in dirty or fiery business, but as a person of immense industry, large attainments, and scrupulous uprightness, and as therefore not only a sound but a safe man, the party soon found fitting employment for him. He judges himself very fairly in a letter which he wrote about this period to his friend Murray.

“As for the splendid, hazardous pursuits of foreign policy and ministerial intrigue, into which our friend Brougham is plunging himself with a resolution to succeed that seems to insure success, and will at all events secure distinction, they are as unsuitable to the habits of my mind as to its powers; too bustling for the indolent predilection (which grows upon me hourly) for domestic and confined society, and not of magnitude, I will acknowledge, adequate to my idea of the highest sort of ambition. Lord Bacon and Dugald Stewart have made me a little of a visionary, as I believe you have sometimes thought; I am sure Brougham must have thought so always. But I have not yet reasoned myself out of those shades; the ‘fantastic spell’ is unbroken, so I must even go on still ‘*perque domos vacuas et inania regna.*’” — Vol. I. p. 279.

The first honorable application made for Mr. Horner’s political services was by the Chairman of the East India Company, that he should write an exposition of the views of the Directors with respect to the extension of their Eastern dominions. It is not known that any thing came of this proposal, though he accepted it for the dignified reason stated in his journal, that, “in advocating a cause which is congenial to my own principles and feelings, *I shall have to illustrate the high rules of political virtue*, to assert the rights of remote nations of men, *and to prescribe maxims to the government of England*, for the preservation and improvement of her empire in Asia.” Pretty well for a youth of twenty-six! Two years afterwards, when the Whigs were in power, and the famous administration of “All the Talents” was formed, Horner received an offer from Lord Minto of a seat, vacated by the resignation of Lord Harrowby’s brother, at the Board of Commissioners appointed to adjust the long-disputed claims of the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot. With some misgivings on his own part, and a great many on that of his



friends, for he was endangering his chance of earning an independence at the bar, this offer was accepted. It is honorable both to Mr. Horner and his advisers to be able to say, that their scruples entirely vanished only when it was ascertained that the Commissionership, though a highly respectable office, was attended with no emolument whatever. It was a post of hard work and no pay; but it was an earnest of better things. Hardly four weeks had elapsed before he received a proposal from Lord Kinnaird to bring him into Parliament as member for his Lordship's rotten borough of St. Ives. Horner's immediate reply was characteristic. He told Lord Henry Petty, who communicated the offer, that he must have some days to reflect; that he could himself afford no expense; that he never would come into Parliament under instructions from *any* man; that his political attachment was to Mr. Fox's party; and that he must be satisfied that Lord Kinnaird held the same views, and was likely to be steady in them. The assurances given on all these points were satisfactory; and then, though he had received a letter of affectionate warning and remonstrance from his philosophic friend, Lord Webb Seymour, the young Scotchman, accepted the dazzling proposal, and came into the House of Commons just after his friends the Whigs left the ministry. As all expectations of obtaining office or emolument were thus dissipated, we may suppose that even Lord Webb Seymour's scruples were dissipated also.

We do not propose to follow Mr. Horner's Parliamentary career, as it is a part of the history of the times, and is sufficiently familiar to all. Indeed, our object all along has been, to show rather what he was, than what he accomplished. It is not often that such a character appears on the political stage, — not, as we hope, because the character itself is rare, but because it is usually manifested only in private life. We shall think better of professed politicians in future, because one such man deigned to take service, and even found favor, among them. Mr. Horner's part in the House of Commons was not showy or bustling, but it was eminently discreet, laborious, and honorable. On such subjects as the currency and the corn laws, he soon became an authority, and his opinions

were received with much deference. On another important point, the resumption of cash payments by the Bank, as we have seen, he had the honor of leading the public opinion of England. If his party adopted measures about the policy of which he was doubtful, he was silent, or he absented himself from the House; if they swerved a hair's breadth from what he conceived to be the true line of uprightness and magnanimity, he opposed them.

A striking proof of such independence was given by him immediately after Napoleon's return from Elba. He had fully shared his countrymen's intense dislike of England's great enemy, with whom she had waged a furious war for fourteen years, broken only by one brief and hollow truce, — who had almost constantly foiled her on the land, while he had been regularly beaten by her at sea. No one had been more despondent than Horner, at the time when, after the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon appeared almost as the undisputed sovereign of Continental Europe; and no one uttered more fervent thanksgivings after the campaign of 1813–14 had dashed this mighty empire into fragments, and left the great conqueror as master only of a petty islet in the Mediterranean. And his imagination was not kindled or his judgment warped by the most astounding feat recorded in modern history, — by Napoleon's landing at Frejus, and his unresisted march to Paris. He still detested the Corsican's character and policy, and grieved to see him restored to the throne of France. But here he stopped, for the circumstances had changed. Napoleon was no longer a usurper, for when destitute of power, he had been reinstated, as it were, by acclamation, — by what seemed to be the free and unanimous voice of the French people; and as a consistent Whig, Mr. Horner could not deny the right of a nation to choose its own ruler without foreign interference. Moreover, Napoleon was now a constitutional sovereign, having conciliated the republican party by the grant of the *acte additionnel*, which confined the imperial power within comparatively narrow limits; and this act had been accepted by a popular vote of over 1,500,000 to 5,000. Probably not another monarch in Europe could have obtained the free vote of so large a majority of his people for his own con-

tinuance on the throne. But more than all, Napoleon now appeared as a suitor for peace, while the allies proposed to put him under the ban of nations, and to wage interminable war against him as an enemy of the human race. If England was again to engage in the conflict, the war on her part was to be unquestionably an aggressive one. Entirely unprovoked, and rejecting an humble offer of peace, England was to invade France for the sole purpose of dethroning one who had just been raised to the throne with unparalleled unanimity by his own subjects.

If Mr. Horner had disliked Napoleon less, these considerations might have had less weight with him. They would not have appeared so formidable, moreover, if his own interests—the good-will of his friends, his popularity with all parties, and even the chance of retaining his seat in Parliament—had not plainly required him to disregard them. But suspecting that his judgment might be biassed by these two reasons, he anxiously pondered over the arguments against renewing the war till they appeared irresistible; and then, nobly disregarding the astonishment and reproaches of those who knew him best, the suspicions of the still larger number of persons who always impute ill motives to those who differ from them in opinion, and the opposition of his own party, he formed one of the very small minority who voted against the declaration of hostilities. Immediately after the division, he wrote to the Marquis of Buckingham, to whom he owed his seat in the House, and offered to resign it, as he was no longer able to reconcile his sense of duty to the public with the support of that line of public policy which the Marquis had adopted. And this was not merely a formal offer, made with a good hope that it would not be accepted; for though his patron handsomely declined to take immediate advantage of it, he said very plainly in his reply, that if the difference of opinion between them, which had as yet been manifested only upon one topic and in one vote, should lead “to a *continued* difference in our public line of conduct,” he would then accept Mr. Horner’s honorable proposal. There still remained the difficult task of satisfying his father, his scrupulous philosophic friend, Lord Webb Seymour, and even his old asso-

ciates, Murray and Jeffrey, not merely that his vote was founded on sincere conviction, — for that they never doubted, — but that it did not imply any dereliction of principles formerly avowed, or any change of opinion respecting the character and policy of Napoleon. To Murray he wrote : —

“If we are to open a new Iliad of war against the military power of France, it is of the last importance that we should so commence it, as to stamp upon it, in the opinion of the people of the Continent, its true character of a war of defence merely against aggrandizement. By going to war now, we go to war for the Bourbons, to force that feeble, worn-out race upon the French ; we go to war too upon a still more hopeless, and in my sentiments unjustifiable principle, that of proscribing an individual, and, through him, the nation which has adopted him, as incapable of peace or truce. It is obvious, that, proceeding in that manner, we do what we can to inspire into the French soldiery all the fire of enthusiasm, every feeling of pride for their national independence, and the utmost devotion for their great chief. The argument used on the other side is, that in prudence it must be assumed that he will act over again his old part as soon as he has collected sufficient means, and that the interval should not be let slip of overbearing him, while he is unprepared, with the whole combined numbers of the allies. . . . . Even if these things could be taken for granted, I question if it would not still be but a short-sighted prudence, to reject the opportunity which his professions of peace and moderation might afford of confirming in the public mind of Europe, an impression of the justice of our cause in that war, which, if it be renewed, will be one of no short duration, and must, in the course of it, involve in all the vicissitudes of fortune the best parts of the world. For England, I own, I cannot see, if we are to have another period of war, that ultimate success abroad, if to be hoped, would compensate our sure and irreparable losses at home ; the inevitable insolvency of the Exchequer must, in one disguised shape or other, bring on a dreadful convulsion of property, with the ruin of all those families, whom the Courier (resuming the ancient Jacobinical phrase of its editor when he was the hireling of violence of another sort) stigmatizes as the *drones* of society, the annuitants, those who live on the savings of former industry ; and in addition to this calamity, we shall witness the acceleration of that change, which is already begun, of our old civil system of freedom and law, for a military government. Such are my present melancholy dreams ; sleeping or waking, they are about my bed, and about my path, speaking most literally ; for since this devil incarnate rose again from the dead, I have known no comfortable day.” — Vol. II. pp. 246 – 248.

The battle of Waterloo relieved Mr. Horner from one perplexity only to throw him into another. The war was over, but Napoleon gave himself up to the English, declaring that he had terminated his political career, and that he came, like Themistocles, to seat himself at the hearth of the British people, and to claim the protection of its laws; and Mr. Horner could not see, under these circumstances, how it was either just or magnanimous to send "this devil incarnate" as a prisoner for life to St. Helena. Nearly all England, it is true, ratified this conduct of its government by acclamation; and the unanimity of opinion did not allow the subject to come up for debate, or even for a division, in Parliament, so that Mr. Horner had no opportunity to express his dissent. But he communicated his scruples to his friends, among others to Mr. Hallam, and was good-naturedly scolded by him for being so wrong-headed.

The termination of Mr. Horner's own career was at hand. As early as June, 1816, we find him writing to his father that he was "a little plagued with a cough, in which there is nothing at all material, except the circumstance of its continuing so long, which, I think, is owing to the cold weather." The physicians thought otherwise; in a few weeks, they ordered him to give up public speaking, to suspend all professional engagements, and to pass the ensuing winter in a warmer climate. Then appeared the strength of the attachment which bound his friends to him. Inquiries and expressions of sympathy came from all quarters; and as he was especially reluctant to leave England, Lord and Lady Holland invited him to take a suite of rooms at their house, where he might live all the winter within doors, and be tended by her Ladyship as carefully as by a mother. But this course was not held by the physicians to be expedient, and Mr. Horner went to Italy to die. He expired at Pisa, on the 8th of February, 1817, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn.

We ought not to close without expressing our thanks to the American publishers, for the liberality and good taste which they have evinced in this very handsome reprint of an excellent work. It is decidedly superior to the English edition, not only on account of the valuable additional matter

which it contains, but in its mechanical style and execution. Hitherto, the superiority of an English to an American book, in point of paper and typography, has been taken for granted; but the recent publications of the firm to which we are indebted for the *Memoirs of Horner* go far towards justifying a reversal of this opinion.

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ART. VIII. — *Collections of the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society. Volume II. The Frontier Missionary: a Memoir of the Life of the REV. JACOB BAILEY, A.M., Missionary at Pownalborough, Maine; Cornwallis and Annapolis, N. S.; with Illustrations, Notes, and an Appendix.* By WILLIAM S. BARTLET, A.M., Rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass., and a Corresponding Member of the Maine Historical Society. With a Preface by RIGHT REV. GEORGE BURGESS, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Maine. Boston: Ide & Dutton. 1853. 8vo. pp. 365.

THE man who puts pen to paper, and spares that paper from the flames, is at the mercy of posterity. *Litera scripta manet.* Be it a recipe, or an orderly's book; an undigested mass of memoranda, or a treatise completed for the press; files of letters never seen except by two pairs of tender eyes, or heaps of sermons familiar to the ears of more congregations than one; juvenile poetry, or autobiography laid by and forgotten; secret, religious diaries, or treasonable correspondence; the doubtful books of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, the Greek prayers of Bishop Andrews, the Latin ones of Dr. Johnson, the love-letters of Doddridge, the journal in cipher of Pepys, the unfinished Tales of Crabbe, or the corrected and recorrected originals of the polished verse of Pope, — all must come forth before a gazing world, if no careful executor or hasty housewife has removed them out of the way of that search which, sooner or later, will be attempted. The antiquarian temperament is exceedingly common; and the mere accident of pres-